Promiſe-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*,
Theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You plai'd once in the Univerſity you ſay.

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caſar*, I was kill'd i'th Capitoll,
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo capitall a calfe there.
Be the Players ready?

Roſ. I my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's metall more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?

Ophel. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrey matters?

Ophel. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye between maids legs.

Ophel. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely Jig-maker, what ſhould a man doe but be merry: for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the divell weare black, for Ile have a ſute of ſables: O heavens! dye two months agoe, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live his life halfe a yeere; but berLady a muſt build Churches then, or elſe ſhall a ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.

The Trumpets ſound. *Dumbe ſhew followes.*

Enter a King and a Queen, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him

him downe upon a banke of flowers, ſhe ſeeing him aſleepe, le
him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crowne, kiſſ
poures poiſon in the ſleepers eares, and leaves him: the Quee
turnes, findes the King dead, makes paſſionate action, the poi
with ſome three or foure comes in again, ſeem to condole with
the dead body is carried away, the poiſoner woes the Queene
gifts, ſhe ſeemes harſh a while, but in the end accepts love.

Ophel. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry it is munching *Mallico*, it meanes miſchief

Ophel. Belike this ſhew imports the argument of the Play

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow, *Enter Prolog*
The Players cannot keepe, they'll tell all.

Ophel. Will a tell us what this ſhew meant?

Ha. I, or any ſhew that you will ſhew him, be not you aſh
to ſhew, hee'll not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophel. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Pla

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the poſie of a ring?

Ophel. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans love.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes ſalt waſh, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene
About the world have twelve times thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite commutuall in moſt ſacred bands.

Que. So many journies may the Sun and Moone
Make us againe count ore ere love be done:
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you my Lord it nothing muſt.
For women feare too much, even as they love,
And womans feare and love hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity.